

Halloween: Redemption

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Summary: The final chapter of my Halloween Trilogy, taking place just after the end of Revelations, it finally brings closure to series.

Incomplete

Halloween: Redemption

This story is dedicated to the memory of Rodney Dangerfield, Janet Leigh, and Christopher Reeve. One brought a love of life in comedy; another the reason many of us hate showers, and one filled the world with so much inspiration, from strength and courage, even through the toughest diversity. We shall never forget what you all gave us; Thank you.

Halloween:

Redemption

Written By: Robert Martin

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When Michael Myers was six years old, he stabbed his sister to death. He was locked up for years in Smith's Grove Sanitarium, but he escaped. Soon after, Halloween became another word for mayhem. One by one, he killed his entire family, until his nine-year-old niece, Jamie Lloyd, was the only one left alive. Six years ago -- Halloween night -- Michael and Jamie vanished. Most people believed them dead but I believe someone hid them away. Someone who keeps Michael, protects him... tries to control him. If there's one thing I know, you can't control evil. You can lock it up, burn it, and bury it, and pray that it dies, but it never will. It just... rests awhile. You can lock your doors, and say your prayers, but the evil is out there... waiting. And maybe, just maybe... it's closer than you thinkâ€¦|

-Tommy Doyle

Prologue

The insidious darkness overtook the small town of Haddonfield, a city on the edge of forever. A town like mostly every other town; full of people, both good, and bad; men, women, and children. Everything in the town was as a normal, everyday, suburban town was. It was an all-American town; exactly like every town._

Wellâ€¦ almost exactly. Just like every other town, there is the ghost house; you know, the one house on the block that has at least one million different stories about. The old house that is rotting, falling apart; the cold house that is dirt covered, boarded shut, front and back yards covered completely in overgrown grass and weeds._

Much like any town, the house has a story about a curse; a curse on a boy named Michael Audrey Myers. He just like every other child when he grew up; maybe not like every other child, he did have his own unique talents of his own. He was a very quiet boy right from the beginning; he never made any friends, and sometimes, it seemed to people as though he wasn't allowed to even have any friends. He would come to his classes, sit quietly, and when called upon, spoke a few, meager words, and sat back down._

As told, like every supposed haunted house, there is always a death involved. On Halloween night, Nineteen-sixty-three, Michael murdered his older sister Judith, while she sat nude, brushing her hair in front of her vanity table._

Shortly there after, he was locked away in Smiths' Grove Sanitarium, fifteen years; until one Halloween night, he escaped, out back into the world. Ever since, his terror has spread through countless hearts; his blade pierced through countless corpses._

There is no known way to kill Michael Myers; his power is controlled by an ancient rune, known as Thorn; which is believed to have the power to regenerate damaged tissue, and give a person what they could only dream of; immortality. A druid cult formed and created the Curse of Thorn, and inflicted it on one boy every generation, in order to receive their gifts of immortality._

But, in order for that to happen, they must exchange a blood sacrifice of all the living descendants of the child's bloodline. And Michael Myers has done just that; killed every single person on his bloodline. All with the exception of one; his nephew, John Tate, the son of Michael's younger sister, Laurie Strode. Michael hunted him down, and, for the last two years, has narrowly missed his target._

But this night he is back for one last chance to make good on his destiny; to finish off the curse, and allow it to be passed on to its next person, allowing safe passage for the elders of the cult._

Tonight, Gina, Chris, and John escaped into the night within a mysterious car, unknowing of whom the driver wasâ€¦ and would continue on their way to their final destinations. Whether they would survive this night or not, they were totally sure; but they knew, if they had to, they would not go down without a fight._

They believed they lost one of their friends that nightâ€¦ and for the restâ€¦ they knew, in this fight, they had no more wildcards, no more backup. It was just them, and the Shapeâ€¦ and all of his cronies from the cult. This, as they all hoped and prayed forâ€¦ would be the crÃ“me de la crÃ“me, the battle to end all battlesâ€¦ the end game. Tonight, this Halloween nightâ€¦ would be the last for one of them.

The Gathering

I spent the better part of eight years of my career, obsessed with unlocking what was hidden behind this basically comatose boy. Then, one dayâ€¦ I saw something that I never forgot, something I was so petrified of, something that was so horrible, so evil, it will be burned into my mind foreverâ€¦ a blackness, a blankness; no emotion, no concept of life, death, happiness, sorrow, anger... There was justâ€¦ nothing. His eyes themselves were blackâ€¦ the blackest eyes any human can haveâ€¦ noâ€¦ they were inhumanâ€¦ it was the devil's eyes that I saw.

-Dr. Sam Loomis

Chapter 1

**Gina and John would be in the car, glancing to one another, looking at the man in the driver's seat. **He was wearing an old brown jacket, with faded "Haddonfield Police" writing across the back. John would lean forward, looking to him.

"Thank you for saving usâ€¦ who are you?"

"I know all along what was going on," he said, peering back at them from his rear view mirror. "I knew exactly what he was doing, and then, I let him get my daughter. No more, it ends here, tonight."

"Who are you," Gina inquired, being rather curious herself. She looked down to her brother, whom was still not moving at all. She still gently petted him, as if in some sort of vain attempt to try and awaken him from his slumber. But it was useless. She could see it in his eyes he was too far gone.

"My name is Leigh. Leigh Bracket. Johnâ€¦ your motherâ€¦ she knew my daughter Annieâ€¦ they were friends before her brother killed him. I've been holding the secret for yearsâ€¦"

"â€¦What secret," John further inquired.

"I knew about the cult, about it all. They promised me immortalityâ€¦ and safe passage for my family. It was the biggest mistake I ever made; they took my daughter from me. So, I took myself from their little group in the only manner I knew how."

"â€¦And how's that," Gina asked, leaning forward to look him.

"They are all impervious to injury, as you've seen. However, what really gives them power is the marking on the wrist. If you sever the wrist just above the Thorn mark, their power will be destroyed. But the hand will liveâ€¦ its an odd thing, I tell you. The only way to

be sure to break it completely is by breaking the symbol into at least two piecesâ€¦ allowing the curse to be broken."

"So there is a way to kill them," John returned.

"Yes."

"Butâ€¦ why help us? Why wait this long to come back and try and help?" John was really curious now. He finally realized who this was. His mom, on more than one occasion, had spoke fondly of her friends, Annie and Linda, whom she knew just before they both were killed that Halloween night. Annie Bracket, and this must be her father, Leigh.

"â€¦Redemption," he said, looking back to them. "I've kept all of this a secret, and never told anyone. I allowed myself to be sucked down into some sort of hell; allowed my life to fall to shit after my daughter was taken from me. But this is going to stop, and it will stop tonight. I will help you in any way I can. I just wish that Loomis guy was still around, he'd-"

"Loomis is still alive," said Gina, looking up to the rearview mirror, and into the old mans eyes. "He was the one behind everything. He's the one responsible for your daughter's death."

He looked back, almost completely stern faced. He looked down, hiding his eyes, which began to fill with some tears. He knew if he heard anymore, he'd break down into tears. "I knew he let him outâ€¦ I knew my suspicions were rightâ€¦ I swearâ€¦ I'll get him."

A moment of silence went over the car. Everyone kind of just looked forward, not really paying attention to one another. "â€¦Wait," John would say, ending the silence momentarily. "If you knew, and you said you were in the cultâ€¦ does that mean you're still a member? You're still immortal?"

Glancing up, he would lower his head slightly, raising his right arm into the air. Only he didn't have a hand. Instead, he had a claw attached to it, which he lowered back down to clamp on the steering wheel. "It was the only way out. I know now what we did then was wrong, and we'll all pay for it when we're burning in hell. But I swear, I'm not going to die until I see Loomis flat down in a pool of his own blood. Michael, too. This is going to end tonight, I promise you, it will, and you have my help."

"We thank you," Gina said, looking to John, her head then lowering down and looking at the seat. "Butâ€¦ where are we headed?"

"Somewhere, where it is safe for us to talk," he said, glancing around. "I don't know if anyone could be following us or not. I barely got there in time. I saw that house burning down. And besides, there is someone waiting for you there."

"â€¦Who," asked John. A sudden rise of hope began to fill inside him. If someone was waiting for him, maybe it was someone who could help. It didn't matter who, just as long as they could help in the fight.

"You'll have to wait and see," he returned. "I promise you, it will

be definitely worth the wait of finding out." With that, he put on a smile, and turned on a song. The radio began to play "Mr. Sandman," the tunes echoing gently through the car, as if a soothing sort of remedy.

"My mom always hated this song," added in John, in a needless fashion.

Chapter 2

****Loomis slowly pulled himself from underneath the rubble of the burned down house.**** A heavy layer of soot covered him from head to toe; he looked as if he were a giant piece of coal. He walked out into the street, and had watched the car that the group had escaped in. He tightly gripped his hand into a ball, as it began to shake. He looked down to it, and shook his head.

"It can't be started yet," he said, lifting his trembling hand into the air. "Noâ€¦ it'sâ€¦ it just can't beâ€¦ it's too soon." He would begin to stutter on each word as he spoke to himself, his body beginning to slightly tremble as well. He would lift his head, as he would see his old friend Dr. Wynn run up with three of the other cult members.

"Samâ€¦ what the hell is the matter," Wynn would ask, looking at him. "You don't look so hot, Samâ€¦ is everything okay?"

"Trust me, I'll live," he said, peering toward him. "But those bastards all got away. This can't happen again. We've wasted too many years, and too many lives attempting to appease him."

"You meanâ€¦ appease yourself?"

"No, Terranceâ€¦ thisâ€¦ body is merely a huskâ€¦ its not like I can just take human form, that would be idiotic. Humans are weakâ€¦ fragileâ€¦ too easily broken. Let's just call this body a loaner. Once we're done, so is it."

"I see," Terrance said, looking on down the road. "Do you want us to give chase after them in cars? We could probably out run them. That car looked pretty shitty, there is no way they could beat any of our vehicles."

"â€¦No," Loomis would return, glancing at a surprised Dr. Wynn. "Just have someone trail them. Once they found out their destination, radio back, and we'll finish everything off, nice and neat."

"What about Michael," Terrance would say, looking behind Sam at the burned down house.

Looking behind Wynn, he would point to the previously burning mass in the road, which had only a few moments ago died down. It would slowly rise, a billow of smoke coming off of it.

"Michael will be all right, you know that Terrance. Now, go get him another mask, and a new weapon. Maybe a chainsawâ€¦ noâ€¦ a macheteâ€¦ no, give him an axe to go get those sons of bitches. I want them dead. No more ceremonies, no more sacrifices. Just flat out kill them. I don't care how messy, just get it done, Wynn."

"You got it, Sam," said Terrance, who would look back to his men. "You heard the good doctor, get Michael another mask, and some new weapons." With those words spoken, the two men were immediately off, as Sam would lift his head, staring into the sky.

"I got a feeling, Terrance," Sam would say, continuing the limitless stare into the night sky. "Our time will soon be ending. We'll be ushering in a new era, where old timers, like you and me, won't be needed anymore. We've come to a crossroads in this time. Our time is soon approaching its end, Terranceâ€¦ and I don't believe I'm ready to give up this body, if I so have to. I rather have enjoyed playing the cat and mouse games. But you can't stop the natural order of things. They must continue as it was meant to be. Terranceâ€¦ we were never meant to live as long as we have. Be as agile, and strong as we are. We were meant to grow old, die like every other man, not live like this. If it going to end, it will tonight. I'll be sure to it, personally."

"You're not sounding yourself, Sam, is something the matter?"

"â€¦No," he would say, lowering his head, and turning to look at Wynn. "Nothing is wrong, at all. I'm just fine. Trust me, I'm perfectly fineâ€¦"

"All rightâ€¦ Sam," Wynn would say, his own suspicions rather shaky themselves. Stepping past Dr. Loomis, he would climb wait as a car would quickly stop in front of him. Turning back to look at Dr. Loomis, he saw him once again staring into the sky.

With doubts still rising in his mind and heart, Dr. Wynn stepped inside the car, as it sped off down the road, in pursuit.

Chapter 3

****The car slowly came to stop inside of a rather old and dirty warehouse, somewhere just outside of Haddonfield. ****The smell alone could kill a maggot; Gina had to hold her breath about fifty yards before they even entered the place. To John, the stench didn't really matter; nothing really seemed to matter to him anymore. After all this was said and done, he really had nothing to live for. If they killed Michael, he no longer needed to live; he began to form some sort of plan within his head.

Leigh would step out of his car, and walk over to the large open door. Sticking out his clawed hand, he would press a button, and the door would slowly begin to lower. He would climb back into the car, waiting until the door completely closed, before he put the car back into drive. He would drive forward, and out the back way, and into a second warehouse, where he would climb out of the car, and close the door immediately. Running back to the car, he would turn it off, looking back to them.

"That's just in case they decided to follow usâ€¦ come on now, we're going to meet my old friend. He's a priestâ€¦ he knows a lot more about all this than I do."

Gina and John would merely look to each other, and slowly climb out from the car. They would follow Leigh through the old building, and into a small area, where a man sat on a log by a low fire. He was an

older man; his hair had seriously receded on his head; and he had almost perfectly white hair. He wore an old priest suit; all black, and clenched an old flask in his right hand, and took a sip from it. His little beady eyes would glance up at the small group, and his face would remain as stern as it had been since they had entered the room.

"Guys," Leigh would say, coming up behind him. I'd like you to meet reverend Jack Sayer. He will help us end all of this."

"Pleasure to meet you people," he would say, taking another swig from his flask, as he began to stand up.

John would lean, whispering to Gina. "This guy is supposed to help us?" Gina would gently elbow him, looking up to John.

"I know I don't look like much," the Reverend would continue, "but trust me, I have tons of information that might be of some importance to you. So pleaseâ€¦ young-in'sâ€¦ have a seat right thereâ€¦ yeah, thank you."

John and Gina would sit down on a whittled log, which seemed to have been cut partially to fuel the fire. John would feel a splinter in his ass when he sat, but would merely ignore. Gina would feel it, and so, she would take a seat down on the floor, looking at Reverend Sayer.

"It all started a long, long time ago. Maybe, thousands of years ago, of that, I'm not even sure of. But there are legends of men who would live up to hundreds of years of age, and they weren't people of Christ, either. They had a darkness around them, an ever growin' one. They spoke of this power of everlasting' lifeâ€¦ a gift, as they would call it. But everlasting life ain't no prize. It's a curse. Life moves in a circle, and it must be held that way.

But these men decided to make a deal with the Devil himself, to send up to Earth is being, that would act as a figurehead of this evil group. They created this whole thing about the Thornâ€¦ about everything. They wanted immortality, they damned their own souls to Hell forever just to taste it for a few decades, impervious to any physical harm. But, as sure as I am, Leigh has already told you, they were designed with a specific weakness, just in case they decided to overstay their welcome. But one thing I learned from my years in all this; you can't cheat the Devil. Once you have a pact, a deal with 'im, its set completely in stone. There is no escape from Damnation.

"I didn't mean to trail off, but I must return to the figurehead. One man's body was taken as a husk, and was to be used as a sort of leaderâ€¦ a guideâ€¦ he controlled everythin', for he was the essence of what became Samhain. This figurehead always had a face, and always had someone wanting everlasting life, for the price of their soul.

"But that's not all they had to pay. In order to joinâ€¦ you must be willing to be part of the small part of the sacrifice. Once a generation, a child is chosen to be inflicted with the Curse of Thorn, allowing it take him over. In trade for the protection of the tribe, the child must kill his entire family line, one by one, until they are all dead. Then, he will move on, as will the cult members,

to their deaths.

"In this case, Michael Mayers, or whatever his name is, screwed up. Rather than killing his entire family over a few years, as it was meant to be, it's taken nearly a quarter of a century. The leaders are getting restless. But that boy, noâ€¦ man, Loomisâ€¦ I met him once. I brought him back to Haddonfield. Had I realized he was the one I'd been lookin' for, I would've killed him then and there. But I didn't, and I brought him back here, to help that monster on his quest for evil."

"â€¦How did you get caught up in this," asked Gina, who had become enthralled in the story.

"Well, the evil had spread like a plague in a few towns, and several church officials had become aware of the evil present. So, they, once every while, appointed a specific Reverend to be the one to chase after this evil, no matter where it goes. There is always stories, and they travel to the destinations, only to find out that it is all over. So, it moves on, to a new figurehead, and a new chase.

"It's my family line, the Sayer's, who have been chasin' the evil for the last few centuries. It was appointed to my line, and prophesized that, one day, a Sayer would bring down the evil, breaking the eternal evil once and for all."

"What makes you think you'll be able to finish off this evil," asked John, looking to him, still skeptic of this man's words.

"I'm the last of my family line," he would say, "just as you are, Jonathan. Don't think just cause I look and act like I'm shit that I really am. I know far more, and I've seen so much, in the last four decades. I've fought Samhainâ€¦ I've seen the evil burning inside him, trust me, I know exactly what we're going to be up against. Now, you can either sit around, and act as if there isn't something there, or run, just as you have been for the last few years, or you could help me finish off this evil once and for all. You, me, her, and Leigh there, can all be free of this burden."

"We'll never be free," Leigh would say, his arms crossed, head cocked down to the ground. "This will stay with us for as long as we shall live."

"Well, that may be so," Reverend Sayer would agree, "but the evil shall be destroyed. It will end once, and for all. The evil that we have all been running from, and chasingâ€¦ will be gone. But I cannot do this alone. Time is not on either of our sides. I know that Satan himself is becoming angry, seeing the failure of his plan that he had created so long ago.

"For the Curse, as I've seen it, is not just some power; it's a demon, it climbs inside of its host, like a parasite, or a virus; and eats away at what's inside. The soul inside of Michael is still there, but it's over-taken by the power of Thorn. You must understandâ€¦ every human being has the power to be either good or evilâ€¦ it all depends on who and what influences us. Michael was justâ€¦ born, in the wrong place, and the most certainly wrong time."

"So, wait," Gina would say, looking up to them. "If it's like a

virusâ€| isn't there a way to get rid of it from inside him?"

"â€|Not that I know of," Jack would say, in defeat.

"â€|There may be one way," John would say. "But I don't know of anyone who would be able to do it."

"Share it with us John," Leigh would say, arms still crossed over one another.

"Tommy once told me he stopped Michael temporarily with a rune stone ritual. Maybe there might be a way of using the stone's to get rid of the demon inside of Michael."

"Or what about an exorcism," Gina would say, looking to Reverend Sayer.

"â€|Can't be done," the Reverend would say. "It has to be cleared through the church itself, and we'd need a second pastor in order to do it. And besides, no one else is willing to come here, they all believe this is horse shit. No one believes in curses, or spells anymoreâ€| they just see dollar signs in religion. I see that every human being has darkness in them, which must be over taken by the light of the spirits.

"But yes, that is a brilliant idea, John. You just gotta get your friend Tommy to do thisâ€| ritual thing. I may not approve, but anything is worth a try."

Gina and John would suddenly go silent, each one of them looking down toward the ground.

"He's dead, ain't he," said Sayer, looking to both them.

"They killed him," John would say. "Just like they killed Molly, and Kara. Little Stephenâ€| my sonâ€| Dannyâ€| all of them, were murdered. And my motherâ€| Michael got her. I lost everything because of this, Mr. Sayer. And if there is anyway to end this, I want to do it myself. I want to see that son of bitch Dr. Loomis pay once and for all for what he has done."

"â€|You will," said the reverend. "You will. Say, do either of you believe in God," asked the reverend.

"I did," Gina would say. "But I lost the faith after all this happened. I felt like God let me down."

"God didn't let you down, girl. Earth is Satan's domain, ya know. God can perform miracles, and no, he didn't let you down. He still loves you. Wait, here." He would remove a small necklace from his pocket, handing it to Gina. She would look at it, seeing the silver cross upon it.

"It's beautiful," she said, looking up to him, and putting it on around her neck.

"That will protect you, I promise. As long as you have the faith, God will be there when you really need him. Remember, you may have lost faith in him, but he hasn't lost the faith he had for you."

She would look up to him and smile. "Thank you," she would say, looking down at the cross, and tracing her finger gently over it, with an admiring affection.

Jack Sayer would turn, looking to John. "And how about you? Do you believe in the good book?"

"I really don't know what to believe in anymore," he said, looking back up to Jack Sayer, his heart still partially filled with some reluctance.

"I bet at this point you feel like God has seriously let you down, and doesn't love you anymore. He's taken practically everything you had away from you, and you believe life is no longer with living. I can see it in your eyes; you believe that there is little reason to live, and would give your life in order to end all of this. I can see it in your eyes."

Stunned, John would only be able to pull out these words; "Who are you..?"

"Just a kindly old man of God trying to find the sheep back to the herder. Trust me, Jonathan, once this is all over, you'll be free from it all, and, whether you die, or not, God will be waiting to take you with Him and free your spirit forever."

John would continue looking on with an ever vigilant stare, unable to speak after the more than inspiring words of the old reverend. Jack would turn, walking up to Leigh, and look to him. "I know we've known each other for some time, but I realize how little you trust anyone, especially yourself. You did something wrong, but we all make mistakes in this life."

"I made a really huge one that cost a lot of people's lives, including my beautiful daughters. I can never forgive myself for it."

"Even if you don't," the Reverend would say, looking to him. "God has. He loves you, Leigh Brackett, and always will. You are one of his children. He won't lead you astray."

"My whole life has felt pretty astray--"

"--Ever since you made that one mistake. Yeah, I know. I know people, Leigh, I realize what faults they have. After all, Leigh, no one is perfect. God realizes that, too. We were cursed with imperfections, Leigh, and that's why God gave us the freedom of choice in life; to choose how we live it. If people really want it, all they have to do is pray, and ask for forgiveness; ask for Redemption. And then, they shall receive it."

Leigh would merely smile to Reverend Sayer. "Thanks Jack, you've always been a good man; thank you."

"No thanks needed, Leigh, I'm a man of God; I do as I must. But time has become limited, we must go and finish this evil once and for all."

"You got a machine gun," asked John, "or maybe a tank?"

"Naw," Reverend Sayer would respond. "We got faith. It's the only weapon we'd ever need."

John would lean in, whispering gently to Gina. "We're all gonna die," he would say. Gina would merely shake her head, and rise up to her feet.

"Let's do this," she would say, her face as stern as ever. "Let's end this, tonight."

Chapter 4

Dr. Wynn sat within the car, which slowly crept its way through the town's streets. He'd been down them a hundreds of times; yet this time, he realized, everything was different. Nothing was as it was just a few years back; he could remember himself as a youth, not as this old body of his. But, somehow, he was stronger now than he'd ever been; and he knew it was from all the deaths that had happened. The lives taken over the years. They gave him power. They gave them all power, beyond imagination. He himself sometimes wondered how powerful he was.

For you see, he never got a real chance to test his power; he was constantly under orders to restrain himself. But those orders, those things Loomis told him, are behind him. He knew now he could do whatever the hell he wanted; no strings, no bargains attached. He couldn't wait to get to the killing spree that soon would come.

But he wondered silently to himself about what Loomis really planned to do. Wynn knew most of the ritual was just to appease the members; he knew that, immediately after the death of the last, the new cycle would begin. But that seemed to pass over him for the moment. He knew what he had to do; he just didn't want to do it. The greed had filled within him; he too much enjoyed the body he had. He wanted to keep it for as long as possible, if forever, if he had the chance.

The radio would break his train of thought. He lifted it up, and spoke into it. "Yeah, what is it?"

"Sir," a voice came over, "we've got the destination of the group. It seems its some man, the three fugitives, andâ€¦ Leigh Brackett."

"Brackett," he said with a surprised voice, looking up almost immediately. "That can't be right; do you have confirmation that is it is him?"

"Yes, sir," the voice would say. "We IDed the plates right after we saw them. We have their location, how would you like us to proceed?"

"Don't do anything until I arrive," Wynn would say. "I want to survey this one myself."

"Yes, sir," the voice would say. He would give Wynn the directions to the warehouse, and would finish off the conversation with an "over and out."

Wynn put down the radio. He immediately turned the car around, and

headed in the direction he was given. "The ware house district," he said in disgust. "I figure it must be a good hiding placeâ€¦ but not good enough. Not when you have the towns residents in on the plan," he would say to himself, with a half cocked smile upon his face. He loved the mere thought of being able to snap the neck of that little shit John Tate, who's given him so many head aches over the last couple years, he could explode.

But, it could finally end. He realized how sweet the taste of victory was, though he had yet to have even tasted it. He came up to the warehouse, and looked at it. He climbed out of the car slowly, and walked to the men. He looked to them, and leaned in to listen to what they had to say.

"You see," one would begin, "we have a fix on their location. We have snipers in, and we can take them all out, leave the girl and the boy."

"No, no," Wynn said, looking to them. "Take a bomb, fire it onto the roof. Cave it in, and trap them all inside. Then, we open fire with the assault rifles we have in the back."

"What if one of us hit's the kid," said one of them.

"Who gives a shit," Wynn would continue. "If we kill John, then the boys powers will be revealed, and he'll more than survive attack. Trust me, if you've seen what Michael's been through, you too would understand what I mean."

One of them stepped forward, and looked to Wynn. "That's a little boy in there. Why are we even doing this? This is insane. I'm leaving." He turned to leave, when his head would suddenly fly off, landing on upon the ground. Michael stood there, as the body dropped to the ground. He looked down to it, admiring his own handiwork, with the axe in his hands."

"Well, it seems the brute squad has come," one of the men would say jokingly. No one else laughed, but him. He would immediately go quiet, and lower his head.

"We let Michael in to finish the Tate boy. Kill the two men, leave the girl as unharmed as possible. All else will not matter. Now, lets get to it, people. Move it," Wynn would order them, as they would surround the small warehouse.

He looked all around him, glancing to one of the men behind him.

"What's your name, kid," Wynn would say, looking to him.

"Thomas. Thomas Richards."

"Well, Tomâ€¦ you see the grandeur of it all? The splendid ness of the events that are about to take place? It's about life, and the circle of life. Everything is constantly spinning, on a never ending cycle of repeating events. This is no different than any of them. We've been at a time where the wheel had stopped rotating, the circle stopped moving. We've just beenâ€¦ sitting there, like rocks on the bed of the ocean. Unchanged, unmovable. But now, this night, the wheel starts turning once more. You're going to be part of something

bigger than you, bigger than me, Tom, and be glad you're here at this time."

"I am, sir. Thisâ€¦ group, if you will, has given me more than anything else has ever had. I'm sure glad I joined."

"So am I," Wynn would return. "So am I."

Chapter 5

**Dr. Loomis continued to look up into the sky, standing silently in the glow of the soft moonlight from above. **He noticed how low the moon was this night; and realized the night was dying out quickly, and the burning sun would arise in just a few short hours. Then, they'd have to wait another year; but Loomis could feel it in his body, he wasn't as immortal as he had thought he was.

He looked down, as one of the members would walk up to him. He was a stout man; he had a rather boxed shaped head; he looked rather oddly to Loomis, but he really didn't have much room to speak himself, either.

"Mr. Loomisâ€¦ I thought I'd never get the chance to speak to your personally. I was told you wanted to see me?"

"Yes," he would say to the man before him; Loomis would look him over, almost as if he was examining him like a fresh piece of raw meat. "That would be the truth."

"What is it? I'm certainly most curious to know."

"Oh, its more than worthwhileâ€¦ I wanted to tell you a little story. As to why I chose Haddonfield."

"â€¦Why would you want to tell me, sir?"

"I had decided a long time ago this town was prime choice; it was an old farming town, not many people lived there in the beginning. But as time slowly passed, the crops began to weaken, and the town began to slowly kill itself from the inside out. It was like a plague; it moved through this own faster than anyone could even imagine it to. and Butâ€¦ the power of Thorn brought the town back from extinction. It became like every other town; it developed into its own little esteem.

"Then, Michael cameâ€¦ and everything suddenly became different. We didn't have a power, or a cult running the town; politicians decided to take over, and make present the killer amongst the streets. The evil that was running rampant; they made me a figure head in all of it, because they knew I was the one true beginning; the _alpha_, and the _omega_.

"I figured out that day my purpose was to protect Michaelâ€¦ keep him hidden from dangers, until his power completely developed, which didn't happen until he turned twenty-one, when he broke out from Smith's Grove, and killed about fifteen people that night. He almost had his work finished, too; but I let Laurie Strode go. I thought, by making it look like I died, no one could ever suspect that I had something to do with this.

"So, from that day forward, I made it my work to make sure that Strode girl was dead; and any survivors to perish along with it. But yes, as Michael's power grew, everyone believed each time he killed, he stole their soul for the God of Samhain; but that wasn't true. He needed something a lot stronger than that. He needed pure, red human blood. That was what it was all about. The blood is what gives us the ability to live; it gives Samhain the ability to stay immortal."

"Sir, that was an excellent story, but pardon my curiosity, but why did you call me here to tell me all that?"

"It's simple, really; no one is allowed to handle all that information, but myself, and Dr. Wynn. Anyone else who holds it is to die."

The man would laugh, looking to Dr. Loomis. "Sir, that's pretty funny. But Loomis wasn't laughing. "Sir?" He would say, this time, with a nervous chuckle.

Loomis would draw out his gun, pressing it to the man's right wrist. Pulling the trigger, the bullet would rip apart the man's flesh, tendons, veins and bone; the severed hand falling down upon the ground. The man grabbed his now bleeding hand, and began to scream; immediately, Loomis bit into his neck, ripping out the flesh from his neck. The man would, with his free hand (And his only), would grab from his neck, as blood would begin to fill in his throat. He would try to cough it up; but each time, a gyser of thick red blood would fire out from his neck, until he fell down upon the ground, the blood gathering up around him.

Sam would lick his lips, and close his eyes; his entire body lightly shaking, as if he enjoyed the taste of it. When he finally reopened them, he looked down at the ground, taking in a few small, and quick breaths. "There hasn't been enough blood spilled on this night for me to go on," he would say, with a small chuckle. He would wipe it away, and continue on his way down the street, a car pulling up beside him, as he would hop inside, and go on down the road to the destination Wynn had wanted everyone to go; The Warehouse.

Chapter 6

Note:

I'm only a ¼ of the way through the story at this point, but I decided this would be a good a time as ever to write this note. I'm a real moron, that's no big surprise. I'd totally forgotten I'd written a chapter six, and, when searching, I found an old past dated version. And thus, I totally rewrote chapter six in its entirety. (Basically, the same thing happens, however) and people I've let see are undecided, so, I've decided to just put one of the used chapters in the Afterward, which will be written the moment upon completion.

Leigh would lean his arms against the windowsill of the car door, looking into the car, at the young boy who lie in an almost death-like trance upon the seat, curled into a somewhat fetal position. He would take in a breath through his nose slowly, and release it in almost a rush; as if some fatal, evil thing was within that single breath that he had to get out from his body before it

became too late.

Reverend Sayer would place his hand upon Leigh's back, looking to him. Leigh would look back up at him, into Jack's eyes.

"I know what you're thinking, I can see it in your eyes," Jack Sayer would say to him, looking over to the child. "You're thinking right now how could such a God do something like this to this child, or any child."

He would look to him, and then return his gaze back to the boy, and shake his head slowly. "I don't understand why this could be even possible."

"There are many things in this world we're not meant to understand at all. But this one is quite easy to understandâ€¦ God has little control in what goes on this world, after all, this is Satan's domain. The Devil himself is involved in thisâ€¦ I can sense the evil that surrounds us, the demonic powers that attempt to take out everything that is good and wholesome in this world. But over the years, chasing this evil, I've come to the revelationâ€¦ that at the end, good must cancel out evil, and evil must cancel out the good."

"What are you saying?"

Jack would just look to him. "You have fear in you, regret for what happened to your daughter. You blame yourself for it. You did things that were unspeakable, could've cared less at that timeâ€¦ and now, you're trying to end it. Might I ask something, have you ever asked him from above for forgiveness?"

"No," he would say, still looking to the boy. "I don't believe I'm good enough to be forgiven, I don't think I even deserve it."

"It's not a matter of who deserves what, you know," he would say back to Leigh. "When the time comes, you'll ask for forgiveness, and receive it. He, above, is a fair and just being. He forgives when asked to, and does what he can for us. He loves us all, even when we forsake him, he still loves us. He doesn't give up on us, we give up on him. And he hasn't given up on you. Leighâ€¦ trust me, you'll be a lot better off when you ask for forgiveness."

Leigh would just smile, and nod his head slowly, remaining silent at this moment. Jack would smile softly, and begin to slowly walk off back to his truck. He would open the door, would creak loud enough to get the attention of Gina and John, whom sat silently over near the small fire that slowly dwindled into nothing.

"I'm gonna get going now, I got things to getâ€¦ we must begin to prepare now. Time is of the essence. I will see you all, very very soon, I promise you."

"God speed," Leigh would say, looking to him.

"God bless you, too, Leigh Bracket. God bless everyone." He would open the door of his car, and climb inside slowly. His hand would take ahold of the keys, as he would look outward. Gina's eyes would lock onto his almost immediately. Then, he would disappear from her vision, as something in the rooftop above would catch it from him.

A girder came loose, and fell straight down, landing on Sayer's old vehicle, crushing the roof in onto it. Leigh would get up, and begin to scream. "God, Jack! No!" He would look all around, his eyes widening. He would drop down to the floor, screaming. "Get down! Get the fuck down NOW!"

Gina and John would fall to the floor. The sound of automatic fire would be heard from outside, and then, the sounds of bullets tearing through the old, rusted metal of the warehouse. They would hear the bullets then smack into glass, the walls, or random objects within the warehouse.

Leigh's car would be hit a few times, the back windshield shattering into fragments, landing over Chris' limp body.

"God, Chris," Gina would call out, trying to get up. John would push her back down onto the ground. "Are you crazy? You stand up, you're going to commit suicide. Come on, keep as low to the ground as possible, and head for the car."

John would begin to crawl over to the car slowly, the bullets ricocheting all over the place, one bullet fragment bounced off the wall, and landed near John's hand. He would place his hand upon it, and pull away. Damn thing was still hot. He would crawl over it, and would get against the car, his back against it. He could hear the bullets smacking into the other side of the car, the door taking a brunt amount of the impact. He would slowly open the back door, signaling to Gina to climb inside it.

"Keep low," he would say to her, as she slid inside. He would look over to Leigh, and motion his hand to come over to him. Leigh would acknowledge, and stand up, bending over, and running as fast as he could over to the car, and to John, jumping toward him to get to the ground. "Get inside," John would tell him, opening the door slowly.

Leigh would look to him, his face in a dead, blank stare. Though he didn't answer verbally, he did physically, as he climbed inside of the car, and into the drivers seat, keeping his head low. John would climb inside, looking back to Gina who would cover her body over Chris. John could see blood coming from her arm; it was drilling down. She'd cut her arm on the broken glass shards, he surmised. It didn't look all too bad, but he had no time to check. He would look to Leigh, who would be trying to turn over the car. It wouldn't start.

"What the hell are you waiting for," John would cry, looking to him.

"It! it won't start," Leigh would say, looking to him, as he would turn the key again, the engine would momentarily rumble, but would soon die again.

"What the fuck are we waiting for," Gina would holler from the back seat, looking to them. "We're gonna get shot to death if we don't do something."

"Or be stabbed," John would say, pointing out in front of them. Leigh would see it, too. It was Michael, and he was coming right for

them.

"Oh, shit no," Leigh would say, trying to turn the car over once more. "Start, you piece of shit," he would say, his hand turning the key again, but to no avail.

John would see something he'd never seen before. The bullets would hit into Michael, and he wouldn't budge at all. They would rip through him like a knife through tinfoil, and still, nothing would happen.

"For the love of God, please, start the car," John would cry, as Michael would get closer and closer.

Leigh would look up to Michael, who would hold a knife in hand. Leigh would turn the key, holding it this time. The engine would sputter for a few moments, and kick in, finally. He would look to Michael, putting the car into drive, pushing the gas pedal to the floor. The car would quickly pick up speed, and they would hit Michael, who would slip underneath the car. It would then drive straight out through a warehouse wall, the tires screeching as he would immediately begin to drive back towards Haddonfield.

John would look to him, silent. Leigh would turn to him, and then back to the road. "It's over—we can't win, we just can't. It's over." He would look silently out into the night, as a faint tear would roll down his cheek slowly.

Interlude: Thoughts of a Lost Soul

The following is the thoughts and experiences of the lost soul that is hidden away behind a shadow of darkness.

"Where am I," a small voice would say, as he would look all around him, shivering lightly from the pure fear he was experiencing at that moment. He looked all around, his eyes rather heavy, as he gently began to sob to himself, curling up into a ball on the floor. He looked all around, and the entire place seemed shrouded within a blackness that surrounded him; he could see all around—it was some sort of room he was trapped in. He tried to run to a wall, the further he ran, the more it became hopeless. He had no place to go to, whatsoever.

He once again began to sob to himself, looking all around him.

"Why do you cry," a voice would say. The boy would immediately jump, turning around, seeing another boy just in front of him.

"Because I got lost, and I can't find my sister"

"I got lost, too," the other boy would say, looking to him. "What's your name?"

"Chris—what's yours?"

"Mine is Michael—but I like Mikey better myself." He smiled, walking over to Chris. "I lost my sister, Judy, too; I was at home, and then, I came here. I've been here a long time, and can't find my way back home."

"I've only been here for a little while," Chris would say, glancing around. "What is this place we are in?"

"I am not sureâ€¦ but this place is really scaryâ€¦ and you're the only person I've seen in hereâ€¦ how did you get in here?"

"I don't remember, one minuteâ€¦ I was with my sister, next, I'm in this placeâ€¦ and its really creepy in this place."

"I was just out trick or treating, getting some candy," Mikey would say, "and then, I was coming home, and that's when I was here. It's all just confusingâ€¦"

"Hey, we'll find a way out," Chris would say confidently, "and if not, Gina will come find me. She always does."

"That's how me and Judy are. She's older, ya knowâ€¦ but me and here are like peaches and cream; always good together. She doesn't watch me as much as I wish she wouldâ€¦ but, you knowâ€¦ not much can be expected from older sistersâ€¦ them and older boysâ€¦"

"Yeah, I know whatcha mean, Mikey," Chris would say, looking around. "There was this guy, Glen, my sister was withâ€¦ but he got killeded."

"That's really sad, I am sorry," Mikey would say, putting on a frown. "I bet he is with God or something, now."

"That's where my mommy is," said Chris, "she went there a long time agoâ€¦ I miss her a lot."

"We all get our chances to go to Heaven; we just gotta be as good a peoples as we can be, ya know."

"We all gotta go some whereâ€¦ my mommy believed in God and Jesus and all them people; my daddy told me it was all a 'crock of shit.'"

"What do you believe in," Mikey would ask Chris, with a gazing stare to him.

"I dunno what to believeâ€¦ its all just confusing to meâ€¦ I just want to go home, with my daddy, with my toys, and have funâ€¦ I hate it hereâ€¦ its so creepyâ€¦"

"I felt like its been almost a month here; I haven't gotten hungry, sick, or nutin. I missed the end of Halloweenâ€¦"

"Hey," Chris would say, "Halloweenâ€¦ yeah, I was attacked by this creepy guy on Halloween."

"This guy was following me around places just before Halloweenâ€¦ he was telling me to kill my familyâ€¦ he scared meâ€¦ I heard his voice just before I came in here."

"â€¦I heard that voice too," Chris would say, looking all around him. "It told me to kill Gina, and I didn't want toâ€¦ I love Ginaâ€¦"

"â€¦And I love Judy. I'd do anything for my big sis. She is the best."

I can't wait till I'm able to get out and see her. Her, and Laurie, too. Laurie's my little sister."

"Laurieâ€| that guy, Johnny, or whateverâ€| mentioned a girl named Laurie. But it's probably not the same person; it was his mommy, I thinks."

"Yeah, Laurie's only two nowâ€| she's gonna be three soon, though." Mikey would say, smiling. "In 1964, she'll be 3 years old."

"Mikeyâ€| it's the year 2003... Not 1963 or 64 or whateverâ€|"

"Mikey would look on, a little stunned. "Naw, you're kidding with me. I know it, ha, some funny Halloween prank. You're such a kidder, Chris."

"â€|Michaelâ€| I'm not joking aroundâ€| it really is two thousand threeâ€| not nineteen sixty-three." Chris would look to him, placing a small frown upon his face.

"Butâ€| it can't be," Michael would say. "It just can't be. I'm not.. Like.. Fifty years old, I'm eight. You can see that as easily as I can!"

"â€|I guess you're right," Chris would say, looking to him, now in total silence. "You do look young for your age, though."

"Shut up! Just, shut up! It's nineteen sixty-three. Nineteen sixty-three. And you're not gonna change my mind, I'm not that easily tricked! I'm a tricker!" He would say, as he would begin to sob slowly to himself.

Chris would look pitifully down upon him, and gasp in fright, upon seeing what the boy was wearing. A clown costume. "Michaelâ€| Myersâ€|?" He said, with a heavy gasp, his eyes widening.

"That's me," he would respond, in mid sob.

Fading Hopes

'Apocalypse, End of the World, Armageddon. It always has a face and a name. I've been huntin' the bastard for 30 yearsâ€| Came real close a time or two. Too damn close. You can't kill damnation, Mister. It don't die like a man dies."

-Jack Sayer

Chapter 7

**Hidden under the canopy of darkness, the old car rumbled down the road headed back into Haddonfield. **The car, ridden with bullet holes, would move rather slowly. "God dammit," Leigh would say, punching the steering wheel with his hand. "I can't believe it happened, I just can'tâ€| why? I just don't understand it, at all."

"The question is how they found us," Gina would say, looking down to her brother. "They had to have tailed your car. There's no other

possible explanation for it."

"No, that's not possible. There is no way he could have." Leigh would return, his voice forceful and at the same time somewhat weakened. He was trying to hold up his emotions, but he couldn't stop the feeling of burden pushed on him. He knew that they had to have tailed him, there was no other possible way they could've found them there. "And now Jack's dead," he would say. "He may have been the only person who really understands what we are dealing with."

"There's another," John would say, looking up to Leigh. "But he's dead now. And the only other person is working with them. There is just- they just know every next step we plan to take. They always are ahead of us, we can't surprise them, they just keep beating us to the punch. What if there is no way to beat them, what if what we're attempting isn't possible?"

"Nothing's impossible, if you have faith. And yes, we may die today, but so what? We'll have done it for a causeâ€| and there's always another alternative, and you don't want to go for it."

"What is it, " Gina would say, leaning forward. "What?"

Leigh would toss the gun into the back seat, landing next to Chris. The barrel would seem to just point directly at him, as the car went eerily silent. "You could kill him, and no host for them leaves you alone."

"How dare you even think that you jerk off." She would lift the gun, pulling back the hammer, and aiming it at the back of his head. "No one is going to harm a hair on his head."

"You're the one who asked. And I warned you that you wouldn't want to go for it. No one could kill their own sibling. I can see it in you, if that boy was to attack you, like he did that year ago, you won't fight him back. You'd rather die than see him be a monster, also. So the choice is yours, reallyâ€| let him become a monster, or you die by his hands."

She would shake her head. "No, we're ending this the right way, my way. We're going to kill Loomis, and end this nightmare for good."

"Whatever you say." Leigh would say, looking back to the road. Suddenly, he would hear something from beneath the car. Almost out of no where, a blade would protrude from his leg, blood beginning to form onto his brown slacks. He would let out a scream, as he would grab for it, the car beginning to swerve. The blade would lower itself, and he'd place one hand upon the wound, trying to stop the blood flow.

Gina would look down, as a hand would punch through the floor of the car, grabbing her foot. Screaming, she would aim the gun down, as a face would suddenly appear from the hole below her. It was Michael. Then she realized it; he'd grabbed a hold of the car the moment he went under it after they ran him over.

**She would start to feel him try to pull her out toward him, but she'd begin to fight, kicking at him, until her feet were free. She would aim the gun down at the villain below, and begin to unload the

gun's contents into Michael's arm, chest, and face, each bullet tearing into his flesh, through his body, and out, slamming onto the black road below. **

But that didn't seem to matter at all. His hand would rip through the metal of the car, grabbing at John's leg, and trying to pull him down out of the car. He would draw his other leg back, slamming it into the arm, which would let go only for a moment, and Gina was able to see the Thorn symbol burned upon Michael's wrist. She would aim the gun at it, pulling back the trigger.

But no bullet came from the chamber; rather, a clicking sound was all that was heard. The gun was empty. She tossed it down at him, and it would roll on the ground beneath them, as the car would continue down the road.

"John," Leigh would call out, "open the middle of the backseat, and reach into the trunk! Right now!"

John would look to him, his eyes inquisitive. "But why..?"

"Just do it!"

John could do nothing more than nod, opening the panel, and reaching inside. The grip on his leg slipped down to his ankle, which he could feel the hand gripping tighter and tighter. His hand would come across what Leigh wanted. He would pull it out, aiming it down at Michael. Cocking the shotgun one, he would place it down to his chest.

At that very moment, Michael's hand would crush the bones in his ankle, and he would cry out in pain, and it was almost unbearable to him; he had to will himself to pull the trigger, which would knock Michael down to the ground, as the car would pass him. Gina would turn around, seeing Michael still dragging, his hand holding firmly onto the back bumper. She would grab the shotgun from John's hands, aiming it at the back windshield. Once Michael appeared, she would aim the gun to his chest, firing one more time.

This time, he would fly off onto the ground, his body rolling. Gina would watch as they got further and further from the body laid upon the road.

She turned around, to look to John, who was nursing his now broken ankle. She then peered over to Chris, who had not moved since they'd gotten him into the car. Leigh was the next target her eyes came upon; he was wavering, his head moving slightly back and forward.

"Mr. Brackett," Gina would ask, placing her hand upon his shoulder. He would then lean to the right, his body falling over, his hands pulling the steering wheel to the left. Her eyes would widen, as she'd reach to gain control- but it was too late. The car would ride up a dirt hill on the side of the road, and would soar into the air. The car would begin to turn to it's side, as the occupants would slide within the vehicle.

The vehicle would come down, the glass breaking on both the left and right side of the car. The windshield cracking. The car would then sink into a forest recess, and roll twice, before it smacked a

tree.

A small cloud of smoke would rise from the engine, which had died the moment the soared into the air. The entire forest seemed quiet now, and nothing came from within the cars. Nothing at all.

Chapter 8

****It would be John who would first awaken.**** It wasn't from naturally waking up- he would've much rather slept through the pain of his ankle breaking and the car crash. What had awoken him was the slow sound of dripping- drippity drip drop; that would smack down onto the ground just behind his head. That suddenly didn't feel like too much of the problem at hand; the one he was more worried about was trying to move his broken body.

He would try to sit himself up, yet the main he felt was far too intense. He would look in front of him- the windshield had cracked severely- yet it hadn't shattered off from the car. He would look to his side where Gina had been- she wasn't there. He would look above him; and there she was- unconscious, still buckled into the car seat.

He'd force himself into a sitting position- which felt nearly impossible to him- he could feel his bad stiffening up the move he moved. He would look to her, upside down. He looked all around, and it was at this moment he realized the car had turned itself completely upside down.

"Gina," he would say weakly- not even realizing the pain he expressed in his own voice until he heard it that moment. "Gina- you awake?" He would lightly tap her face, to see if she moved. She would lightly groan, looking forward, and starting to glance around, and would begin to struggle.

"What's going on John, why are you upside down?" She'd say, in a worried voice.

"You're the one that's upside down," he'd say, with almost a chuckle- but he couldn't get it out, his ribs would start to throb with an unnerving amount of pain. She would look to him nervously. "Don't move, I'll get you down, brace yourself on me!" he'd reach in, and she'd place her hands onto his shoulders. He'd push the button on her seat belt, and she'd immediately fall on top of him- but, being weaker then he thought he was, his body would give, and they'd both smack down onto the grounded roof of the car.

She would look down to him, and slowly move off of him, as she'd brace him against the car seat. She'd glance around slowly, lying her body against the ground, and crawling to the front of the car, looking up at Leigh, who was still buckled in. Blood completely covered his face. Then a slight flicker caught her attention from the corner of her eye; a flame was beginning to build on the engine of the car. She would move backwards, looking to John, and then her brother; who was amazingly unharmed.

"How is he," John would ask, taking heavy, and slow breaths.

"He's dead- I think!" She would just lower her eyes, sighing.

"We gotta get the hell out of here," John would say, looking to her. "Grab Chris and get as far away from this car as possible.

"But- why?"

"That dripping sound, you don't hear it? It's the gas line. And I can hear the crackle of fire behind me- this car will explode. Just get him out of here, and keep low."

"No- I'm not leaving you, John. I won't."

"I'll get myself out. Just please- go, move as fast as you can." She would shake her head, but he'd merely look her dead in the eye. "Just go, Gina."

"Fine, I'll get him out of here. But I'm coming back for you."

He would just look forward. She would sigh gently, grabbing Chris, and slowly moving out the car, and over through the small wooded area. When she got a good enough distance away, she put him down on the ground, and would stand up. She'd move back toward the car, climbing back in, and John was still in the sitting position he had been in before.

"We gotta move," Gina would say, beginning to tug on his arm. He would just look to her, and lean into her.

"I think I'm dying," he would reply gently to her.

"No," she'd say, shaking her head. "Not while I'm here, you won't." He would put his arm over his shoulder, and begin to pull him out of the car. But he was heavy- just so heavy for her small body. "Please John- you gotta help me hereâ€¦ pleaseâ€¦"

He would look to her, and would begin to move from the car. She'd help him to stand, as they'd began to move away from the car as quick as they can- John with his severe limp. Then- they would feel the warmth on their backs- followed by the over powering push; as the car exploded, sending them hurtling forward, and to the ground.

The pieces that had blown off would fall all about them, as John would look up weakly, and sigh gently. "We're all alone again," he'd say, with almost a bit of a laugh- which would almost immediately turn into a severe cough.

Gina would stand up, and look out beyond the car. This wasn't over- not at all. There was Michael; he just stood there, looking straight at them. "No, no-" then, just as soon as she saw him- he had disappeared.

"We gotta move," John would say, as they'd once again start to move. Gina would lower herself down, lifting him into arms, still having John bracing upon her shoulders. They would quickly move through the woods- as quick as a near cripple and a woman holding him and a child possibly could. They would soon see lights ahead of them.

They had hoped it was safety just beyond these trees. They would move, until they were past it. There was a building, which they would walk around, which would become the quintessential moment when they realized where they had ended up.

"Haddonfield Amusement Park," Gina would say. "It's closed at this time of the year- but there may be a security guard that could help us- I don't know!"

"It's worth a shot," he would say, with another cough; this time, he could fill blood slowly filling into his mouth, but he would swallow it back down again- he need not worry Gina right at this point- they just had to get out of here. That's all that mattered to him right at this moment.

Chapter 9

The security guard sat just outside the Funhouse, where she would sit every night since she had started the job over six years ago. She'd seen it all- rapes, attempted thefts, horseplay and intruders; she'd stopped it all, and she was a very tough human being. You couldn't see it, but beneath her cheap outfit with a "Haddonfield Amusement Park Employee" patch, there were two scars; one from a stab wound she received while working here, and another, from a bullet wound she had received during a not-so routine bank robbery.

After that, she was let off the police force- and had to resort to working within the park. That left her a rather bitter, selfish person; she did not much care for others lives. Sometimes, the only person that mattered to her was, well, her own self. She hated her job, she hated her life; the woman, whom was dark skinned to begin with, was a racist woman against all people she still called "Colored" to this day. She took out all her frustrations on her step children, and her own daughter; she was a completely insensitive human being.

And the moment the girl whom cradled a little boy in her arms, and a man who was bleeding severely came upon her, she would just stand, putting up her hand.

"You can't go any further," she would say to them. "This compound is strictly off limits at this hour."

"But, my God, John's bleeding- he might be dying, and someone is chasing after us- please, you gotta help us."

"Look missy, It's Halloween. I can tell all that blood is fake, first and foremost, secondly, I don't give a solid shit about that. You probably instigated it on yourselves." A smile would cross her lips, almost if she seemed to take satisfaction in others pain.

"Please, help us," John would cough, a little blood pouring down from his lip.

"My- you actually ARE hurt. Well, don't bleed on my shoes- beat it."

"Please, ma'am! You have to help us," Gina would cry out to the woman.

"And I'll repeat what I just said. Get the hell out of here, before I make you get out of here." She'd take out her nightstick, almost antagonizing Gina to threaten her authority.

The woman, with the name tape of "Michele" would see the form quickly approaching them within the distance.

"You stay here," she'd say. "Don't move a muscle or I'll beat the crap out of all of you." She'd move just past them, and head toward the masked form within the distance.

Almost immediately, Gina would continue, heading into the Funhouse building, while Michele quickly came upon Michael, who had stopped, and was looking to her.

"I warn you, sir, if you do not leave now, there will be hell to pay." She would tighten her grip on the night stick, as he'd gently tilt his head to the side.

She would walk toward him, drawing back the nightstick. "I'll give you to the count of three to turn around and walk away. One, two-

She would never make it to three. Michael's blade would immediately rip through her flesh of her stomach- and penetrate all the way through- the blade tearing through, and it completely exited through her back. She would cough up blood, which would spill out, and slowly pour down onto her suit. She'd look to him, and swing her nightstick at him, but he'd catch it in midair. He'd yank at her arm, tearing it completely out of the stock, and tossing it away. She'd try and scream, but the blood would fill into her throat, choking her, and making it nearly impossible to breathe.

He would then lift the blade up, which would dig deeper into her flesh, but he'd be able to lift her into the air, about a foot off the ground. She was still alive, the blood pouring down from her mouth, oozing through the two incisions made by the knife blade, and the almost geyser-like flow from her shoulder. He would look to her, and, with all his strength, force the blade up; he'd have some trouble, considering the blade would clash into her ribcage, but he'd force the blade back up once more, cracking straight through- the blade ripping apart anything on the path- cutting organs in half- including her heart, before the blade would tear through her neck, the blood clogged in there would freely spill out, as the blade would finish when it stopped at the top of her skull. He'd pull the blade free, letting her limp and shaking body fall to the ground in a bloody heap.

Michael would admire his handiwork for only a moment, and would look up. He had seen them enter into the Funhouse in the distance just behind this nuisance of a woman. He would step past her, leaving the corpse there on the ground to rot away freely. He would immediately walk into the dark Funhouse, and look all around him. He would walk slowly, when the lights would suddenly turn on, and he'd see a mirror, and the reflected image would be himself. Instinct would tell him to stab the mirror- which would shatter, and all there would be would be the black wall behind it. He would then turn, and continue walking forward through the dark maze.

He would pass by an opening in the wall, and a clown dummy would come out. The voice box inside would begin to echo the voice through the maze; he'd stab it in the head, but the clown noise would continue to come out from the doll. He'd look to it, canting his head once more to the side. He'd grab the entire dummy, and pull it from the wall,

and slam it into the wall. It would still continue to laugh, so he'd smash it into the wall over and over again- until the noise became distorted, and finally, non-existent. He'd pull the blade out from the head, and continue walking on his way.

He would find himself in a circular room; he was completely surrounded by mirrors, each one reflecting his own image. Not realizing he was looking at himself, he began to attack each mirror, smashing them away with stabs, or with his bare fist.
>Not realizing Gina had been orchestrating this whole affair in the control room, she slowly slipped out with John, and began to once more move through the park. She could only hope that she had bought enough time for them both to escape.<p>

But things would seem to turn from bad to worse, when she could hear several cars within the distance, stopping at the entrances all around the park. She knew exactly what it was; it was them. They had found them.

"One bad situation into another," she'd say, walking over to the roller coaster, seating John inside of it, as she needed a break, and so did he. She would sit there, breathing heavy. Suddenly, the coaster would begin to move, and Gina would back away. Two men stood there- one jumped on board, as the coaster began to move; the other began to slowly approach Gina. She would slowly walk backwards, and look to John, who was damn near unconscious.

She would stand there, hugging to her brother tightly, wondering if this could be the end for them.

Chapter 10

****John would slowly lift his head up from the small cart on the roller coaster, just to meet eyes with the man that planned to kill him.**** And just when he thought things couldn't get worse- they only seemed to. It had taken what he had left to lift his body, and move forward, to the next cart in front of him. He was trying to outdistance himself from the man, whom wore simple flannel shirt and dirty jeans.

He seemed to be one of the farm hands; Illinois had a few of them, and, especially during the Harvest season, they needed them. He- unlike John, who had to struggle to move to one cart- he would, with near perfect ease, step over to the next one in front of him.

John would pull himself over into another cart, when his leg would be grabbed. He would look back, and there was the man, his hand latched tightly on John's ankle. He would turn his body around, and try to kick at the man. But it didn't seem to be any use. The man obviously was stronger than him; even if John had been perfectly fine, he'd still out power him either way.

The man would pull a switchblade out from his pocket, and press the button upon it. The blade would stick out, as he'd stand over John, lifting the blade into the air. He would bring the blade down, and John's eyes would close.

He would hear the blade smack into the seat. John's eyes would open, as blood would fall down onto his face. He'd wipe it away, looking up. The body's head had been knocked right off from the body- a low

metal bar must've taken it off, and in no better time than then. The remnants of his skull and brains lied all upon the small cart, some even on John's shirt and pants.

His eyes would close, and he'd have to hold back the vomit he could feel building up within his throat. With whatever he had left, John would pry the hand off of his ankle, and try and move from the bottom of the cart.

But then, the body would pull the knife from seat, and lift it above his head. John, seeing they had reached the top of the coaster, and were about to make the big drop, would send one single swift kick to his chest. The headless body would fall backward off the roller coaster, smashing through a concession stand below the coaster.

John would sit in the seat, pulling back the restraining device against his chest, and looking down beneath him. He'd see Gina was struggling with someone, when someone would jump her attacker, and begin to fight with him; John could not get a good enough sight of whomever that person was.

All he could do was wait for the cart to come back to the beginning of the track. When it finally did, he was greeted by a man, who stood before him. The only thing to come across John's face was a stunned glare.

"Hey John," is all the voice would say to him.

Chapter 11

** While John was in his perilous situation, Gina had one of her own to face.** The man would release the lever on the control panel for the ride, as he'd slowly begin to walk toward Gina. All she could do was slowly back up, clutching her brother's body within her arms. She cradled the near lifeless form within her grip, each step she took back on the platform only making her more and more nervous and fearful.

She would turn around, placing her brother down upon the boarded floor, turning around. She knew they wouldn't hurt a hair on his head; he was just too important. As for her, wellâ€¦ she already know it was either kill- or be killed. She would try to run off the side and past him- but in lightning quick speed, he would grab her by her arm, and whip her back down to the ground, her body hitting down hard against the wood floor boards beneath them both.

She would try and sit up, but immediately, his hand would grab her by her throat, and lift her into the air; she was at least a good two feet off from the ground. She would grab at his hands, clawing at the flesh of his arms- which didn't seem to affect him all that much; he would merely smirk to her. "You cannot win, just give it up and accept your destiny."

"Fuck you," she would say, placing her hand on the side of his face, and pushing her thumb into his eye socket. He would scream out loud- it would take a few moments, but the blood would begin to pour out from his wound, as he'd let go of her. She would pull her thumb out quickly, landing on her ass on the platform. She would back away quickly, as he would be stepping backward, with his hand over his eye, the blood flowing out from the wound she had created.

She would back into the end of the platform, where a solid piece of wood would block her chances of exit. She would stand up slowly, as the man would stop, and look to her with an angered expression across his face. "You're going to die now, you bitch." He would begin to walk toward her, this time more aggressively, as the blood would flow from the wound in his eye socket. He would grab her again, shaking her around violently, and she would try and fight back; but he was just too strong.

He would reach into his back pocket, pulling out a pocket knife, opening it up, and pulling it back. The moment before he'd bring it down on her, someone would jump onto his back, and knock the knife out of his hand. He would have to let Gina go, as the attacker would claw at his face violently. He would try to reach around and grab the person, but he couldn't. They would back quickly into the center of the platform, when a noose would come down, and the person wrap it around his neck, tightening it, and dropping back. He would then be elevated into the air about three feet off the ground. He'd struggle at the rope- every second, it would tighten around his neck, until a satisfying snap would be heard, and his skin would slowly turn into a pure white color.

Gina would stand up, walking over to her savior, kneeling down beside the form. It was a females- and her back was turned away from her.

"Who are you," she'd ask, placing her hand upon the form. She would sit up slowly, turning around.

The moment she recognized the person- her mouth would immediately drop. "Butâ€¦" Gina would say, her voice with a certain shock in it, "you're dead."

"I'm right here," the girl would say with a smile.

"Kala-"

A hand would reach down, grabbing her shoulder, Gina would be even more shocked, as the tall man would look down on her with a smile.

"Tommy! My God, I thought you were dead!"

"No, I'm alive and kickin'," he would say to her. She would jump into his arms, hugging him tightly. Kala would stand up, smiling to herself. Just then, her hair would be roughly pulled, and she'd scream. Tommy would look up, and the men- whom they had just hung- as grabbing at Kala, trying grab her and kill her. Tommy would run to Kala, and grab the man's arm, trying to free her from the man's tight grasp.

Gina's eye would catch the symbol upon his hand- and would know exactly what she had to do. She would run back, grabbing the opened pocketknife, and would grab his right hand, and would begin to try and saw it off. She would keep trying to knock her away, but she'd press down even harder, sawing away at his flesh. Tommy would try and open the attackers hand, but it almost seemed useless.

Gina would tap into the bone now- and the blade wouldn't go anywhere.

It was completely stuck. She couldn't go any further than this. She would then continue cutting around his hand, and he would still try and knock her away, but once the flesh was down to his bone all around, she would grab into his hand, and would forcefully peel the flesh from his hand- until she ripped off the small tattoo, and she threw it to the ground. Just then, his eyes would widen, and his hand motion would stop.

Kala would pull herself free, and the three would back away slowly, looking at the corpse. Gina would look down at the bloody knife in her hand, and she would just toss it away, shaking her head in disgust.

It would be then the roller coaster cart would return back to the platform, and John would be sitting within it, breathing heavily- which would stop almost instantly, the moment he saw Tommy before him. Tommy would slowly approach the cart, and cock a grin to John. "Hey, John," he would say to him with a bit of a laugh within his voice.

Chapter 12

"I saw your Jeep explode Tommyâ€¦ I thought you had died," John would say, slowly coming out of the coaster-cart,

**"I did too," Gina would say. "But how are you here? I don't understandâ€¦" **

"Well, after me and Kara _escaped from the hospital, _we ran as fast as we could to get into the Jeep. I thought we were home free by then, but fate wouldn't have it that wayâ€¦"

_ Tommy would continue the tale of how Kara and he would arrived at the Jeep, and would climb inside of it. Tommy would insert the key into the ignition, and turn it, but it wouldn't work._

"What's the matter," Kara had asked Tommy softly

"I don't know," is all he could reply to her. The truth was, he didn't have an answer for her. There wasn't any reason that it shouldn't be working. It should've turned on. It was then he felt a shiver run up his spine, when he realized something was the matter. He grabbed Kala that very moment, and pulled her to the side of the house, just moments before the Jeep exploded.

"There was a bomb," Tommy would say. "I heard the faint tickingâ€¦ I knew we had little time, so I grabbed her and pulled her from it just before it went. We watched you two there- but we couldn't come out just then. We decided it would be better to keep some sort ofâ€¦ element of surprise. Make them think we're dead, so we could attack when the time was needed."

"I'm just glad you're alive," John would say, pulling himself to his feet weakly.

"You look like shit," Tommy would say.

"No worse than you," John would comeback.

"What do we do now," Gina would ask.

"Their here, they're all over the place. We gotta make our final stand now. This is where it ends, this is where the battle lines are drawn." Tommy would look to them all, and then to Kala. "But this fight doesn't involve you. Run off- go hide somewhere. We'll come back for you if we survive. If not, you gotta continue our fight, get othersâ€¦"

"But Iâ€¦"

"Don't," Tommy would say. "Just go, please."

Hesitantly, she would nod, and walk off by her lone self, disappearing within a wooded area. Tommy would look back to Gina and John, walking over toward John.

"Shit man, without me you get your ass kicked." Tommy would smirk, and John would just glare back at him.

"Well, it'd be nice if I got some medical assistanceâ€¦"

"I think I can help with that," a voice would say, as a man would walk forward. John and Gina's eyes would widen the moment they saw him. Gina walked forward.

"Leigh- but you died!"

"I guess I got lucky- the inside of the car never caught fire. I was able to escape soon after the exterior of the car exploded."

"God, it's good to see youâ€¦"

John would look to him. "Your neck was broken, you shouldn't be here, Leigh."

Leigh would look to him, and shake his head gently. "Johnâ€¦ you are a very perceptive boy sometimes."

"You're part of themâ€¦?" Gina would ask. "Butâ€¦ your handâ€¦"

"You do know, girl," Leigh would say, directing his comment toward her, "people do have more than one hand." He would lift up his left hand, showing the ritual Thorn marking burned onto his skin. He would merely smirk.

"You never gave a single shit about your daughter," Gina would say, looking to him. "It's all about the power, the strength."

"Yes, you're right. A child and your hand are a small price to pay for invulnerability, complete and utter immortality."

"But if he dies, you will have to as well."

"Yet another roadblock, and that's all that it is. There are ways around that ruleâ€¦ other ways, and I don't plan to be going to the Master anytime soon."

"The master," John would ask, taking in a few deep breaths.

"Yes, he who walks amongst the darkness, he who controls this world."

The Master. He's the one who controls all of this. He is the one that gave us this power, the gift of the Thorn. He let's us have this immense power you could never understand in a lifetime. Gina, your father understood and accepted it's power. I did- we all did. We all had to pay prices for our acceptance. There was only one person who never accepted- and she had an unfortunately car accident."

"No-"

"Yes Gina, your mother. Your mother refused to take any part in this- she refused to have her children subjected to this. Why do you think Chris was our chosen one? Because of your mother, it was the price she had to pay. You know, I was with her the moment she died. I had that rope around her neck so tight she couldn't have breathed if she wanted to. When she slammed into that median, and her car was torn to shreds, that's when I lost this." He motioned his hand up a little bit. "I barely survived- your mother did, I bet your father never told you that." A smirk would run over his lips. "I finished the job, when I slit her neck, giving her a brand new smile. It was my mission- my work, to kill your bitch of a mother. And for my work, I shall be rewarded."

"You fucking son a bitch," she would scream, running at him. He would pull out a gun, aiming it at her.

"You didn't expect it to be this easy to get me, did you Gina? The game is never that easy- this is a game of Chess, my dear. I've taken out all those you need to win- all you have left is your pawns. The checkmate is soon coming girl, that much I can promise you."

Two men would grab John and Tommy from behind holding them. Michael would slowly walk onto the boardwalk, and head over to John, looking at him. He would stop, tilting his head gently to him. He would then walk over to Chris, scooping him up into his arms.

"Let him go," Gina would exclaim, trying to run toward him. A hand would grab at her, pulling her tightly into a bear hug.

"There is no escape from the inevitable," the voice would say to her. It was Loomis. "You can never escape the inevitable. You should have already known that, Gina." He would look up at them, smirking softly. "You all should've learned that by this point."

John would look at him with a glaring expression on his face. "This isn't over," he would yell at him.

"No," Loomis would say, "it's going to be in about a half hour. Just before the sun rises, this will all be over. Do not worry about your friends, John, we will finish them nice and slowly." He would throw Gina into Wynn, he would grab her tightly. "Take them away. Take them to the factory. That's where we'll hold the final sacrifices. And Michael," he would say, looking to him. "You need not worry anymore, your journey is at it's end, soon, I promise."

The group was hauled away, and Loomis would watch with a smile on his face as they were dragged into the factory across the park. He would follow just a little bit after, the sweet taste of victory on his lips.

But what he didn't realize was someone was watching from under the roll coaster. Kala watched silently. She knew exactly what she had to do. She had to save them, no matter what the cost. She would slip out from underneath the coaster, and would run after them, attempting to be as stealthy as possible.

Interlude: The Prophecy of Dr. Muerte, July 1965

Muerte was a Spanish professor who one day prophesized of the end of the world, and it's carrier. This is a portion of his Thesis, "El Fin del Mundo" (Or roughly translated, "The End of the World").

In life, there are only two constants, and that is birth and the death of a life. Living is just a condition of the soul within a frame, there is so much more to a person than just their body. They have a mind, a spirit, all wrapped up within this webbing of flesh, sinew and bone. We take this existence for granted, and some never realize the true value of life until it has gone from within us, and we are nothing more than a slab of meat in a coroner's office.

When it comes to the human existence, we see only what our minds allow us to see, we believe only what our imaginations can conceive. There are, however, instances of things that are far beyond our control. We see things- horrible things, deceitful things. Visions, some as vague as certain literally works; others as crystal clear the blue sky above us.

Sometimes this visions present omens of good fortune for all, while others, on the other hand, present visions of the coming fate we all shall eventually succumb to. This little slices of death come into our minds, whether we see them, or even register them at a conscious or subconscious level all depends on the individual person.

For me- the sights I saw were inhuman. Visions of a man, stalking, maiming and murdering anyone who stood in his way. The man was as pale as a ghost, and had light brown hair. But I do not believe it was his own face; it more resembled that of a mask.

However, it wasn't his physical presence that was fearsome, it was his eyes. They say the most powerful and outstanding part of the human form is the eyes- however in most cases, I tend to disagree with that statement, in this case, it's true, for whomever he was.

His eyes had a darkness to them- they were the blackest eyes I'd ever seen. But when I went within those eyes, I could see nothing more than evil itself- Hell, damnation. The end of the world was coming, and all these deaths this man was making was bringing this world only steps away from being closer to that insidious end.

The daunting task I was given was to attempt and warn everyone of this forthcoming end of times if you will. I only know his presence, and his following is coupled with hundreds of people- each who would die to protect this chosen one.

I overheard something, a phrase, which was "He Who Walks In The Shadows, and He Who Has the Power." That phrase, I do not know what little or how much meaning it has, but that's another bit I had taken from this vision.

And these visions don't stop. I've seen this man being murdered, only to come back- he is not a man, but a el Diablo. He is a monster. A monster powerful enough to destroy the world by himself. Yet- his powers may be limited, as he may only murder anyone who gets in the way of his "Divine Path." He very well could become unstoppable.

However, I do see something within that darkness, as well. A shining figure of immense purity and light; a inner power that is not part of the consuming darkness. A form in and of itself. However, it is trapped beneath this overwhelming shadow that looms over it. It's consumed by the darkness, slowly becoming just a glimmer of light within the spectrum of darkness.

I do believe this light may be the key to humanities own salvation. That is the only thing standing between the line of evil and pure evilâ€|

A good matter of the content from the remainder of this document was lost over the last thirty-nine years, maybe to never resurface againâ€|

The Renaissance

"And thus begins a new age of men, with weapons of power beyond our control; the deaths of countless innocents upon a single man's hands, the fates decided long before he was even born. Destiny brought several people together to fight this evil; and whether they are to live, or to die, the battle for humanity is never truly a losing battle."

-_Anonymous_

Chapter 13

**John dangled, with his feet dangling two feet off of the ground, while his hands remained shackled above his head. **The blood slowly trickled down his face, his eye had swollen completely closed, a small trickle of blood slowly coming down from it. He would cough up a little more blood, it landing just inches from a man's boots. The man would step forward out of the darkness, looking to him.

"Will you do as we say, take your place where you belong, or shall you be a fool, and I be forced into killing you," Leigh would ask, with a smirk, placing the claw onto his cheek, and pressing the blade into it a little. "Well?"

John would spit into his face. "Fuck you," he would say weakly.

"Wrong answer," he would say, slicing the claw down across his cheek. John would scream out in pain, the blood beginning to swell up and exit from the newly created wound. He tried to pull away, but was unable to for the obvious reason. Leigh would walk around, taking a dirty cloth and rubbing off the blood from his small hook. "Nowâ€| what were you saying?"

John would look up to him. "Go to hell, you sick son of a bitch."

"Wrong answer again, John." He drew his claw back, when a voice behind him would call out to Leigh. He would turn around, giving a nod of acknowledgement to the man. "Well, seems like we'll have to continue this in a minute, so don't go no where," he would say with a bit of a laugh. He would turn around, and walked away, out the door of the room, slamming it shut behind him.

He would look, meeting up with Dr. Loomis and Dr. Wynn. Leigh would cross his arms, looking to Dr. Loomis. "I what to know what's so important you have to make me take a break," he would say with an annoyed tone. "I was just starting to have fun."

"It is no use," Dr. Loomis would reply. "He's too strong-willed. We'll just have to go as planned. We'll take him out right nowâ€¦ it's four-thirty in the morning Leigh. In less than two hours, the sun will rise, and we'll need to wait another year, and I refuse to. I will, and so will everyone else here, cross over to where we were promised. Our time is up, now Leigh, take him out to the basement level."

"We shouldn't be doing this," Wynn would say, looking up to them both. Dr. Loomis would glance back to him.

"What did you say," he'd say sharply to him, his eyes settling down unrelentingly over Dr. Wynn.

"â€¦Nothing," he would respond, lowering his head, and would walk away very slowly, turning down a hall and disappearing.

"There's something wrong with him," Leigh would say. "I believe he's starting to loose the faith in us, Sam."

"Do not worry about him," Loomis would reply. "I have him under my control. There is no threat from him at this point." He would smile slyly. "No go get that Tate boy, so we can start."

Leigh would nod affirmingly, and would walk back to the door, trying to open it up; yet, it would not budge. "What the.." Dr. Loomis would immediately turn around, and would walk to him.

"What's the matter," he would say, as Leigh would begin to shoulder the door. "What's going on, Leigh?"

"The door's locked!"

"â€¦You fool!" Dr. Loomis would say, pulling out his gun, and aiming it at the door, and firing several rounds into it, before kicking it open.

During this conversation, John still hung, his hands almost feeling like they would fall off from all the pain he felt. They almost got to the point of felling like his wrists would rip from his hands. He gently swung back and forth, small droplets of water falling from the ceiling above his head.

He would suddenly feel the shackle give way, and he almost screamed, thinking his hands had come out of socket. But no, it wasn't that; he was slowly being lowered back down to the ground. He would feel his feet touch down first, but his knees would buckle beneath him, and he's fall down onto the ground, coughing loudly, as he used his hands

just to get into an all fours position. He would feel hands grab his shackles, and release him, and would then help him to his feet. He would hear the sound of a metal box on the floor below him, which may have been a control panel.

"You're okay now," Kala would say, helping him walk to the door.

He would swallow some blood, not wanting to make her any afraid than she already was. "I thought we told you to get out of hereâ€|"

"I knew you'd guys would get in trouble without me, so I just had to come back to save the day."

"Well, I'm glad you did, but you gotta get away from here as soon as possible."

"And what do you expect to do, save them all in the condition you're in? You can barely walk without my help, John."

He would look to her, and she would pull him toward the door. "No, we can't go that way," he would say to her, "they're just outside that door."

"Do you have a better idea," she'd ask him.

"â€|I do," he would reply, bending down slowly and grabbing a two by four piece of ply wood, gripping it tightly within his hand. "I do."

Loomis would have fired the three rounds into the door, kicking it open, the piece of wood keeping it closed, as he would walk in, looking around. Not even having the chance to react, a piece of wood would smack against the top of his head, leaving him to fall onto the ground like a bag of bricks to the floor. He would look down to Loomis, as Leigh would run, spearing John down to the ground. Kala would scream, and Leigh would stand up, and begin to walk towards her, raising the claw quickly into the air. But he would lose his balance, as the piece of wood would smack into the back of his knee, sending him crashing to the ground. John would stand up, and begin hitting Leigh with the piece of wood, looking up to Kala.

"Run, God damn it, run," he would scream out to her. She would be momentarily too afraid to run, but was too fearful. "You got to save the rest of them," he would say. All she could do was nod in reply, as she took off out the door. John would raise the wood club into the air, bringing it down. This time, Leigh would back swing with his claw, connecting into the piece of wood. He would kick John in the leg, knocking him back down to the ground.

Leigh slowly stood up, grabbing the piece of wood, and trying to free his claw from it. But this would seem like a useless battle; it had lodged too deeply into it. He would keep struggling with it, until John would run up, and seemingly, with the last bit of energy he had, would jump into the air, sending a drop kick into Leigh's chest, knocking him backward, and onto his ass. John would land on the ground hard, his already broken and bruised body taking more damage.

Leigh would once more attempt to struggle to free his trapped weapon from the ply wood. John would get up, running toward him, in an

attempt to try and tackle him the ground. Leigh would only smirk to himself, as he was playing possum. Once John would arrive, Leigh would stand up, using his hookless arm, driving John down to the ground. He would look back down to the wood with the hook in it, looking back to John.

"You stupid, stupid boy," he would say. "You expect to save the world, but all that happens is you get your ass handed to you by a man three times your age."

"You cannot even fight me like a man," John would say, standing up once again. "You may have power, but I got something in me that you'll never have."

"Oh, and what might that be."

"A brain." Grabbing the control panel from the floor, he would press a button. Leigh would look up, as a metal crane, the same one used to keep him suspended in the air, dropped down, smacking Leigh in the face, dropping him down to the ground. He would stand up, hearing a gunshot fired toward him. He would jump behind boxes, as he would continue to hear the gunshots, which would smack into the boxes which tried to hide him.

Eventually, the gunshots would stop completely. John waited a few moments, before looking over to the door. Dr. Loomis had disappeared from it, and so had Leigh. John would stand up quickly, and would run for the door. But what he would never care to look down at the piece of wood he had previously used as a weapon, which was now missing the hook it had previously been holding in place.

Chapter 14

**The room was dimly lit, anyone who was in couldn't see more than five or six feet in front of them. **Tommy was on a bed within this room, sprawled out. There wasn't much else he could do at this point. He had, for the last ten minutes, tried to break the door down, but it was to no avail. It was solid lead- he couldn't even open it by himself even if he had the key. He merely sighed, glancing up at the ceiling.

There was a ventilation shaft just above him, but he felt too weak. He may have been drugged- he was probably drugged. He couldn't move at all at this point. Each time he would try to lift his arms up, they would just fall back down on the bed, as if two hundred pound weights had been attached to his wrists. He would try to force himself up, but he would crash back down against the bed, his body feeling sore. At this point- he wasn't able to tell if he had a bad concussion and really was tied down or if it was the drugs. The only thing he knew was if he didn't get out of here right now, he'd be dead within the hour.

With what will power he could muster, he forced himself into a sitting position, his entire body filling with a burning pain. The throbbing within his head was agonizing; it was only then he realized what had happened. Shortly after they had been captured, he had tried to escape, only to have had something swung into the back of his head. He knew he didn't have a concussion; otherwise he wouldn't have remembered being hit in the back of the head.

He then forced himself into a sitting position, his head only hurting even more. He slowly stood up, his vision hazy, everything seemed to be spinning around in a circle in front of him. He tried to step forward, but would fall into a wall. As his vision began to return to normal, he could see he was in a room, about nine feet high, and seven feet by seven feet. It looked like it had been crudely constructed, and father recently; he could still smell the welded metallic smell.

He walked around the interior of the room, putting his hands against it, trying to push it; it wouldn't budge at all. He tried to shoulder it, but it wouldn't matter; even at his fullest strength, he couldn't knock it over. He knew they had reinforced it in some way. He walked back to his bed, and sighed, falling back down against his back, with his eyes closed.

When he opened his eyes, he saw a small ventilation grate above his head. It was too high for him to reach, even if he did stand on the bed. With a sigh, he closed his eyes once more. He just seemed to not want to care anymore. It just didn't matter at this point whether he lived or died. "At least I didn't go down without a fightâ€¦"

"Giving up already, are we?" a voice would say from above him. His eyes immediately shot open, and darted up above him at that grate. "That's not like you, Tommy."

"Wait- Kala, is that you?"

"Yeah. I saw you guys get captured beforeâ€¦ so I'm here to help."

"How do you expect to get me out of here? The roof is too high for me to reach to get up thereâ€¦ and the room's entirely sealed off."

"Wellâ€¦ you stay put then, I'll go find Ginaâ€¦ do you know where they took her?"

"Noâ€¦ I can't remember muchâ€¦ they hit me pretty hardâ€¦ and besidesâ€¦ where else would I go?"

She'd snicker. "I'll be back for you," she said, and once again began to crawl through the duct system, and there didn't seem to be any more ducts in front of her. She would begin to worry, but would try and subside it; only to have more trouble added, she had a fork in the road; either continue to press forward, or go onto the path to her left.

She would hear a light rumbling beneath her, and glance down, but see nothing. She would merely shake it off; she was too high for anyone to reach her, but then the pain would come, and she would scream out, looking back at her ankle, which blood was now starting to trickle down from. A small blade point was sticking out of it; it would no exit, and she would once again scream from the pain. She quickly realized the truth; Michael was right below her, and if she didn't move faster, she was probably going to die. She began to force herself through the pain and move through the tunnel, and she would hear from behind her the blade, which would slice through the metal like it was tinfoil.

She would scream hearing the slices getting closer and closer, but how was he doing it? She would not guess, and it didn't matter, as a hand punched up just in front of her, pulling the metal apart, and Michael's head would pop up through it, and she could do nothing more but back up, as he would pull his hand through, swing the blade, just missing her face, as she would pack up, and he would begin to start to pull himself into the tunnel, tightly gripping the blade, wanting nothing more in the world then to end the life of this nuisance of a girl. She would finally reach the intersection once again, and would turn around to go through it.

As she began to pass through it, she would immediately feel a hand land upon her ankle, grabbing it tightly. She would scream, seeing Michael right in front of her, pulling her back toward him. She would ferociously kick at him with her free foot, one of the many kicks knocking the knife of his hand, another kicking him in the face, but all he would do was begin to squeeze tightly on her ankle with one hand, the other reaching for the blade. She would grab for it while his hand reached, and she would quickly kick the hand away, reaching for the blade. She would lift it up, and send it into his hand; she would feel it poke her ankle- she was glad this time it didn't break through the skin.

It gave her just enough time to pull free, and kick him hard in the head one more time for good measure, as she would once more pull herself through the cramped tunnel.

He would pull the blade free from his hand, and once again begin to pursue his victim; but all the commotion in the passage weakened the rusty metal holding it up, which would gave way, his chin smashing against the part of the vent shaft that didn't drop, and it would smash into the ground.

She would still be pulling herself, fighting the urge to scream in pain from the agony her ankle was giving her. She couldn't- all she could do was let the tears run down her cheeks. She couldn't let her give up her location again; she'd already done enough damage as it was; she was only surprised that bullets hadn't started flying through the shaft as of yet. She had only wished she had some wood to knock on, she didn't want to jinx herself; no, she'd gotten too far.

She needed to find Gina, but she had no clue as to where Gina had been taken to. The place seemed so small from the outside, but these shafts just never seemed to end, as she pushed forward, wanting, needing to get out of here. All she had going through her head was that she wanted to be home, in her bed, but she began to wonder "What if my parents are here?" That began to worry her, but she had to shake it off. They wouldn't do something like this, never ever, not in a million years.

She pushed it out of her mind, but that was the only thing keeping her mind off the pain, which seemed to swell up once again in her leg. The enormous rush filled her body, and almost made her break down and cry out. But that would soon dissipate, when she would hear the faint cry coming from down the darkened shaft.

She wondered if it could be Gina, but she wasn't completely sure. It could be one of numerous things; a trap, of course, being the top on

her mind. But she didn't really have much other choice in the matter. She needed to find out, and fast. She turned, and began to head down that path. She would, after about two minutes, come to another shaft grate. She would peek down. This time, she could see there was a large, cavernous hole, broken into the Earth, which had a staircase that lead directly down into it. Kala's eyes would immediately see Gina, who was tied down to a bed, and crying out.

"Please, someone help me," Kala could hear from below. Her eyes would also fall upon two guards- which each were holding a weapon, respectively. She wished she could go back to Tommy and tell him, but there was no turning back now. She had to do something, and fast. But what?

She had no plan, and if she jumped down, more than likely she would end up dying. But it isn't that much safer in here, she realized, turning around, seeing Michael Myers, who was now coming around the bend, and at a lightning quick pace. She would scream, moving forward, not realizing the grate wouldn't support her weight. It would break, and she would fall straight down, landing on top of a cardboard boxes, but they only helped her fall a little, as she hit hard, into the ground.

The two guards immediately ran to where she was, as she stood up.

"Freeze!" One of them called out, aiming their gun. Kala could do nothing more than look above her at the open grate, as Michael grabbed the edge, lowered his body out, and dropped right in front of her. She screamed, as he drew out his knife, and began to swing forward, she would duck and go crawl between his legs, the knife straight across at the guards. He would look forward at them, as they would both stop moving. When they began to lean forward, the space just below their eyes separated from the tops of their heads, and smacked onto the floor.

While Michael stood in awe at his new masterpiece, Kala came up to Gina, and began to untie her, the moment Gina sat up, and dropped off the flattened rock used as an altar, her feet hit against the ground, immediately catching Michael's attention. They had to look back at Michael, who would begin his B-line straight for them both. They ran out of the room, looking at the large steel door. They began to push it close, but it was so heavy.

They had to push as hard as they could, letting the door slowly move into position, and just before they got it fully closed, Michael's hand comes out, the knife swinging at them, but they force it closed on his arm, just below the wrist. The sudden force from the heavy door forced Michael to drop his knife, which Kala would run for. She would grab it from the ground, standing up.

"Fuck you!" She screamed, stabbing the blade through his hand. His hand clenched the blade, and forcefully pulled the hand out of the doorway, and they closed it off completely. They began to run as fast as they could away from it, but they would soon hear the loud crashing of the door, as Michael beat against it ferociously- wanting his vengeance- wanting to get them cornered, wanting to end their lives.

**John had only just escaped the torture chamber moments before he found himself lost once more. **He had no idea where he was, or even what direction he was going in. Time seemed to stand still, and the hallways seemed bigger and bigger. He didn't know if it was a mind trick, either created by Loomis, or the injuries and blood loss he'd received during this entire venture. He wanted it over, he wanted to just be dead.

He thought about suicide, the easy way out. Die on your own terms, rather than someone else's. Was it even an option to him? No- he couldn't. He had to live- for Chris, Gina, and for Molly and their child. He had to go on, he couldn't stop. Quitting would be easy, yes, but he'd gotten this far, he might as well stick it out till the end.

He found himself absolutely lost at this point, with no real sense of direction, time, or anything. The little light that there was came from overhead through holes in the ceiling- it must be moonlight, he had figured a long while back. It felt to him as if he'd been wandering for hours- he could only wonder how long could this night go on for. He completely lost track of time, hell- reality. The injuries and wounds he'd received had caused his head to go slightly off- his mind wasn't working as it should have.

He finally stumbled upon a closed door. As of late, his luck with going into places hadn't exactly been all to great- he'd gotten his ass beaten a whole hell of a lot, that was to be sure. He was quite hesitant to even go near it- but he'd come to the end of the path- and this was the only choice he had. He crept forward, putting his hand around the doorknob, and turning it steadily, until the door started to open. He looked inside- and it appeared as if it was empty. He pushed it open, and saw a woman standing with her back to him.

He moved as little as possible, to keep his silence, however, his mind, which really hadn't been working well with his body, just spoke for itself. "Ma'am?"

"John?" The voice was so familiar to him. That gentle, caring voice. He knew what it was- but it just wasn't possible. There was no way.

The woman turned around, and the glowing beauty looked upon him. "Molly," he said, walking slowly to her. "But?"

"People say things," she replied to him, "but they aren't always truthful. He said he killed me, didn't he?"

"He did?"

"If he killed me, then how would I be standing here talking to you?"

"But? how? why are you here?"

"He's shown me things, John- so many things- this power. It's not at all bad- in fact- it's the greatest feeling in the world- I actually feel alive for once- I feel- I don't know- it's impossible to explain the awesome power I have."

"You're with themâ€¦ aren't you?"

"Yesâ€¦ and why is it such a bad thing? I can live forever-"

"Until it's time to meet your maker. Molly, listen to me. This isn't good, it's evil. Pure evil. You have to let it go. You can't let it consume you, like it has so many others."

"Johnâ€¦ I know in your heart, you only say that because they have been trying to kill you. But listenâ€¦ if you join with usâ€¦ you don't have to die."

"And what about our child? He's part of this too!"

"Johnâ€¦ it's not even your child John. I wouldn't allow you to impregnate me, just so they would have to kill my child, too. But if you join usâ€¦ you won't have to die. Trust me John, everything is going to be all right."

He looked to her coldly, not seeing the woman he loved anymore, not even seeing a human being- just a shell of once was. "I can't believe you'd lie- Iâ€¦ I don't even know who you are anymoreâ€¦ you're not the Molly I knew."

"That's because she's dead. She was naïve, she didn't know the truth about what's out there. This power- Thorn- it's the greatest thing in the world. I don't know why you are fighting itâ€¦ John, there are such great sights to see, so much things to do. It's just amazing what's out there that we don't even know existed. I've been inside a box all my life, and finally, I am out. I see things completely differently than I have ever seen them before. Some people would think this is evilâ€¦ but you can't look at it that way. It's rather beautiful, really, if you look at it. I've never felt more alive than I do right now, John."

"Are you telling me I couldn't make you as happy as this evil does?"

"Johnâ€¦ that's not what I said at all. I love you John, I still do love you. I won't ever stop loving you. You were the one thing that did go right in my life, when everything else went wrong. When my father would let me down, you'd be right there for me whenever I needed you. Nothing will ever be able to change that."

"I don't know how you could let them do this to you, Molly."

"You talk like it's some sort of a plague or disease. It's not. It's likeâ€¦ an evolution. A change from one existence into another. It's a beautiful thingâ€¦ I'm like the larva that's become the butterfly. I'm better than I ever was before."

"I doubt it'll make any differenceâ€¦ but I loved you the way you were beforeâ€¦"

"â€¦And if you really loved me, you'd respect my decisions in life, and you'd love me, even like this. Or is it that little whore?"

"What do you mean?"

"You don't think I know, do you? You think I'm dead, and you immediately whore around with another woman. But that's in the past, I'm willing to let it go. It doesn't matter, she's not going to live long enough anyway."

His eyes widened. "What are they going to do to Gina?"

"Your friends with that nerd- Tommy, is it? He didn't tell you about the ritual? The sacrifice of a young woman, and the last in the line of lineage. She's an important part, a sacrifice to Him to appease the transference. It will be beautiful, trust me John."

"I can't let it happen," he said, starting to walk toward her. "I have to stop this once and for all." He walked right past her, not even looking back. He couldn'tâ€¦ in his mind, he wanted so bad to believe what she said- but his heart knew better. And he always followed his heart.

"I can't let you do this, John." She slipped her hand into her pocket, and started after him, jumping onto his back, and throwing a head lock around his head. He flipped open a pocket knife, and went down to stab him. He sent a block up to her arm, holding it just above the rest. She screamed, sending several knees into his back, as the other leg wrapped around his body to hold herself in her position.

"Molly! Pleaseâ€¦ stop this insanity!"

"I won't let you INTERFERE!" Her voice had changed. It was no longer the sweet voice he remembered from so long ago. It had become dark. Malevolent. Almost entirely evil. He knew his love was not inside there anymore. He knew what humanity was there had been destroyed. He had no other choice. He bent forward, driving her down into the ground, pulling the pocket knife from her hand. He then drove it down through her wrist- through the symbol- and began twisting and turning it. She screamed and fought as the blood splashed onto the knife and his hands- he definitely didn't want to do what he was doing, but he had to.

He ripped the blade out, and backed away. She grabbed at her wrist, and looked to him. "What have you DONE? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME!"

"I had to get it out of youâ€¦ I'm sorry Mollyâ€¦ but it's the only choice I hadâ€¦ I had to get rid of the evil that was inside of youâ€¦"

"YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING! I'M NOTHING NOW!" She got up and lunged at him, but the moment landed on him, she let out a grunt, and her eyes widened. John looked up at her, and felt more liquid spilling out onto his hand. He let go of the blade in his hand, and she fell off to his side. She landed on the knife- which had driven straight through into her heart. She coughed up blood, and looked up into his eyes.

"Mollyâ€¦ Iâ€¦"

"Johnâ€¦ I'm sorryâ€¦" she coughed up a little more blood, and he put his hand into hers.

"It's gonna be all right," he said. "I'll get you out of here, and to a doctor, just hang on."

"It's too late!" She looked up into his eyes, her face the same, her voice both angelic as they had been the day he first met her. "I see it now; you were right, John; you were!" She coughed up blood once more. He could hear a gargling sound coming up within her throat. Her features; eyes, face, and mouth then went completely blank. Her head tilted slightly off the left side. He looked down upon her, and began to weep gently. The woman he once had so loved, and who loved him was now dead, and he was the one who killed her.

Chapter 16

End
file.